

THE RED CROSS NEEDS TEN MILLION NEW MEMBERS TO HELP SUFFERING HUMANITY



AFTER DRAWING BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
IN THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

By WILLOUGHBY LEE.

THE heart of America at this Christmas time is yearning toward the hills and valleys and mud flats of France, for thousands and tens of thousands and, for all we know, hundreds of thousands of our finest boys are over there with Pershing. And by another Christmas there may be 2,000,000 of them, and two years from now, so far as anyone can see, it may be nearer 5,000,000. For America has taken oath that not until kaiserism has been blotted from the earth will the war end.

Those boys of ours who are over there, and the others who are going, need all the help and encouragement and aid the folks at home can possibly give them. That is why the Red Cross, instead of confining itself to giving them hospital treatment after they have been hurt or are sick, is giving them Christmas trees and comfort kits and doing everything possible to make Christmas enjoyable for them. Not a man in all "Black Jack" Pershing's army, will be without some reminder of the people at home for whom he is fighting. Not a man in any one of all the army and navy cantonnements scattered all over the United States will be without a genuine Christmas—even to a Christmas tree. The Red Cross has gone into the Santa Claus business wholesale, as it goes into everything it undertakes.

And that is why every man, every woman, every child, owes it to himself and to the soldiers and sailors to become a member of the Red Cross. A campaign is being carried on to enlist 10,000,000 new members of the American Red Cross, which will make it five times as large and ten times as rich and powerful as any other Red Cross in the world.

It is because of the millions and millions of American boys who are going over to France that the whole American people has got to join the Red Cross in helping care for them. A few hundred thousand can be looked after by the present membership; but multiply them by ten or twenty or twenty-five, and it takes a nation to back them properly.

It has been great sport this year to fix up the Christmas packets, and write the little personal note that goes with each one, and picture to one's self the pleasure with which the unknown soldier in France will hail the gift from the home land. For there has been no real fighting—only a trench raid or so, in which only a few lives were lost—fewer, in all likelihood, than would have occurred in the natural course of events if they had remained in civil life. So, while there was sorrow for the brave fellows who went down fighting, and for those others who were slain in the submarine brushes with the Germans, there was not the overwhelming grief that comes after every great battle.

Next year it will be different—so different. In the spring—and earlier if the French line should break at any point—Pershing will hurl his boys into the gap, and everybody knows what that means. There will be fighting of the kind that made a whole world admire the men of Bull Run, and Antietam, and Chancellorsville, and Chickamauga, and Gettysburg, and wherever Americans have fought. They will be pitted against a foe who, whatever we may say of his arrogance and cruelty, his disregard of the laws of humanity and the ordinary decencies of civilized life, is a hard fighter.

That means that the hospital will be full of American boys whose lives depend on the work the Red Cross must do—for there is no other agency that can wait on them. It means bandages

literally by the million for their wounds. It means splints and wound pads and pillows and all manner of surgical dressings without stint. It means pajamas and bed shirts and surgical shirts—the kind that surgeons can open and reach wounds without handling buttons. It means bed socks and bath robes and convalescent robes and all the things that invalids need.

It means drugs and medicines and operating instruments and all the appliances with which modern surgeons are daily performing miracles in saving lives and restoring to usefulness legs and arms which under other methods would have been cut off at once.

American soldiers must not be for a single day without all of these things they need. The French have been, in the early days of the war—and it has been said in some later days—word went out that the French surgeons were operating without anesthetics because they had none. It is bad enough to lose an arm or a leg, but no one likes to think of being tied fast to a table and the leg or arm cut off with no chloroform or ether to give the sufferer unconsciousness while the knife is wielded.

Also, within the last year, word has come from the battlefields of France that the little Pollux had to use old newspapers to stanch the blood from their wounds. That was because their supply of gauze had run out and no more was to be had. It meant infected wounds, gangrene, lockjaw, and the loss of legs and arms and lives that might have been saved.

All America will agree that none of these things must happen to Pershing's boys. But it will happen unless the American people get right behind the Red Cross, and make and ship those hospital supplies in a never-ending stream. The surgeons at the French hospitals say that sometimes it takes a whole box of surgical dressings—7,000 of them—for a single wounded man. They have been so short at the French hospitals that instead of throwing the dressings away after using, they have been driven to try to clean them and use them over and over.

That is what Maj. Grayson M. P. Murphy had in mind a few weeks ago when he cabled to the Red Cross that nothing on earth is now of equal importance to getting a big supply of surgical supplies into France. Unless we do, he said, disaster and disgrace are ahead for America—and the Red Cross and the American people cannot afford to incur that. No American soldier must lose a leg or an arm or an eye, or give his life, when it can be saved by anything the American people can do. Major Murphy is the Red Cross commissioner for France, and knows perhaps better than any other man in the world exactly what needs to be done for the army in a medical and surgical way. When he speaks America will do well to listen.

Money is not all the Red Cross must have for this work—money is not even the most important thing, though it will take millions of dollars. What it needs most of all is an immense number of members, and their personal service. It needs, and has to have, the whole American people, fathers and mothers, sisters and daughters, and the children, to back up the government and the Red Cross in this work. Take, for example, the recent call of Major Murphy for 6,000,000 warm knitted articles for the soldiers and for the destitute of France. If the money had been at hand to buy the lot, there were not that many knitted things in the whole world of the kind wanted. But the Red Cross appealed to its members, and asked each chapter for its quota, and the socks and sweaters and mufflers and wristlets rolled in by carloads, and are still coming. The mothers and sisters and daughters and wives went to knitting, and that answered the call in an amazingly short time.

The situation will be the same when the boys begin to need bandages and gauze dressings and hospital garments in great numbers. Not all the stores in all the land will have enough such things to fill the demand. Not the American people are being enrolled as Red Cross members, and they are learning by tens of thousands how to make and pack and ship these things, and whatever the demand, they will meet it in full.

That is why the Red Cross wants 15,000,000 members. It is not so much the \$2 or the \$10 or the \$25 or the \$100 or the \$1 fee that membership costs, though that has its importance. It would be even more necessary if membership did not cost a cent. But in this case the fee is a small consideration. What is needed is an army of 15,000,000 true-hearted Americans who will stand back of the army and navy, and supply them with everything they need to keep them well and cheery, and to give them every chance for life if they get sick or are hurt. Confidence in his backing is a mighty factor in a fellow's spunk when he is fighting 3,500 miles from the home he is defending.

Now a word about the different kinds of membership: A patron member pays \$100 in one sum, and the interest on that money accrues to the Red Cross every year. A life member pays \$25 in one sum, and the interest suffices to keep his membership alive so long as he lives. But the most stress is not to be laid on these forms in this campaign because, as I have said, money is not the chief object. Everyone who can possibly afford it ought to be what is called a "Magazine Member." It costs \$2, each year, but it brings with it the Red Cross Magazine, published every month with a wealth of pictures of Red Cross work, and inspiring articles telling what the Red Cross is doing all around the world.

For those who cannot spare \$2, the annual membership costs but \$1, and one who has this membership is just as much a Red Cross member as anyone, the only difference being that he does not get the magazine. The great effort will be to enroll the \$1 and \$2 people, for it is numbers and not money at this time that the Red Cross wants.

When the membership has climbed to the 15,000,000 mark, then will come the call for members to help turn out supplies. There is no compulsion—nobody has to pledge himself to give any money except his dues, nor to give service nor anything. But of course you will want to help, and you will have a world of opportunity. Whether you can knit, or sew, or roll bandages, or run errands for those who can do those things, or give money to help them buy supplies of yarn and muslin and gauze, you can help. It will be your part to do the biggest thing you can to back up the fighting boys over there.

The first thing is to become a Red Cross member. Take somebody in with you if you possibly can. Help the membership team that comes to you for your name and your dollar or two dollars. Remember, it is not, in the final analysis, the Red Cross you are helping at all—it is the boys who are over there fighting for you. Nobody concerned with the Red Cross ever gets a penny out of anything given for relief, or from any garment made and entrusted to it. Every penny and every stitch goes to some American soldier or some destitute one whom the Red Cross is trying to keep alive.

You will hear—if you have not already heard—a dozen stories about graft in the Red Cross. They are lies, everyone of them. They were started maliciously, and have been peddled ever since by gossip, some malicious, some merely chattering with no sense of responsibility, who would in the same spirit repeat a slander about a good woman.

You have heard, or will hear, that the high officers of the Red Cross get most of the money given it for relief. Exactly the reverse is true. Every member of the war council, every head of every Red Cross bureau in Washington, every head of every bureau in everyone of the thirteen divisions of the Red Cross in the United States, is giving his time free, and is spending money of his own while he does the work.

In a recent public speech on this subject, Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council, declared that of every dollar given the Red Cross for relief, about \$1.02 is spent for relief. Not only are the expenses met from funds provided for that purpose, but the money contributed draws interest while in bank, and the interest also is applied to relief work.

The Red Cross is led by the biggest and brainiest and most unselfish men the nation could find. Trust them.

They are doing the very best that brains and money and determination can do to prevent human suffering, and to take care of Pershing's boys. Help them. Your own may be there soon.

The Christmas Story

7 HERE was peace on the lone Judean hills,
And the shepherds watched their flocks by night,
When there came from the silent, starry sky,
A burst of glory, a dazzling light,
And the angel choir from far away
Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men."
And we hear the song o'er lapse of years
As it echoes in our hearts again.

They sang in notes of heavenly joy:
They brought a message from God to men,
For the Prince of Peace had come to earth
And a child was born at Bethlehem.
The Christ had come, the King of kings,
That we might God in his beauty see
And hearts be light in blessed hope
That death should be swallowed in victory.

And they left their flocks and hastened on
To the city of David to see the babe,
The Saviour of men and the Son of God,
The humble child in a manger laid,
And they marvel at that which had come to pass
And return with glory and praise to God,
While the chorus echoes within their hearts
As back to the lonely hills they plod
As the shepherds of old, let us hasten on
This Christmas day to Bethlehem town.

To be with him through the whole of life,
To bear the cross and to gain the crown,
No more shall we find him a lowly child,
But there forever with God above
He watches and guides our feeble steps
Till he bears us home with his infinite love.

How sweetly, how gladly to all the world
There comes a message of hope today,
For Christ is born and man is free
And pain and sorrow must pass away.
How sweetly and silently into the heart
The Christ Child comes this blessed night
To make us noble and good and true,
For the light of the world is a wondrous light.

Dear Christ, may we follow with willing hearts
The path of duty, where thou hast led,
That sin and shame may have an end
And that joy may fill our souls instead,
And on this thy glorious natal day
We shall catch the sound as the glad bells ring
Till we hear thy summons to come away
And in heaven above thy praises sing.

—Rev. Norman Van Pelt Lewis in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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To Everybody!

Here's Wishing
You All The
Joys Of The
Holiday
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